

was with him."

"None saw us taken away, Marreart." said the elder, "and perhaps, who knows, they have never found any of the pleces of flower garlands I threw down before they put us in the boats from the beach of Casseneary!"

Put the gyes of the little maid of Galloway were now fixed upon something in the green courtyard below.
"Mand—Mand, come hither quickly" she whispered; "if yonder be not Laurence Macklim talking to the singing lads and dressed like them—why then, I do not know Laurence Macklim!"

Mand came quickly enough now. Her face and neck blushed suddenly crimson with the springing of hope in her

son with the springing of hope in her heart.

She looked down and there far below them, but yet distinct enough, they saw Laurence daring Blaise Remouf to single combat and vaunting his Irish prowess, as we have already seen him do. Mand Lindesay caught her companion's hand as she looked.

"At the affirighted and heart-sick girls turned them about to see the Lady Sybilla stand fair and pale at the head of the turnet stair which opened out upon the roof of the White Tower. At this interruption the eyes of La Meffraye seemed to burn with a fresher tary and the green light in them shone as shines emerald stone held up to the grant light and fair and pale at the head of the turnet stair which opened out upon the roof of the White Tower. At this interruption the eyes of La Meffraye seemed to burn with a fresher tary and the green light in them shone as shines emerald stone held up to the grant lenst, they have found us," she whispassad "They have found us," she white they are the turned them about to see the Lady Sybilla stand fair and pale at the head of the turned them about to see the Lady Sybilla stand fair and pale at the head of the turned them about to see the Lady Sybilla stand fair and pale at the head of the turned them about to see the Lady Sybilla stand fair and pale at the head of the turned them about to see the Lady Sybilla stand fair and pale at the head of the turned them about to see the Lady Sybilla stand fair and pale at the head of the turned them about to see the Lady Sybilla stand fair and pale at the head of the turned them about to see the Lady Sybilla stand fair and pale at the head of the turned them about to see the Lady Sybi

If Thouars.

"They have found un." she whispered,
"at lenst, they are secting for us. If
Laurence is here I warrant Shoto cannot be very far away. O, Margaret, am
I looking very iii? Will he think I am
us—(she paused for a word)—as comely
as he thought me before in Scotland.
Or have I grown old and ugiy with being shut up?"

But the maid of Galloway heard her
not. She was pondering on the meaning of Laurence's presence in the castle
of Machecoul.

"Ah, you are young, my lady, and for



whom they had left in the forest.

After this repuise they had gone round and round the vast walls of Machecoul, seeking a place vulnerable, but finding none. The ramparts rose as it had been to heaven, and the flanking towers were crowded night and day with men on the watch. Round the walls for the space of a bowshot every way there ran a green space fair and open to the view, but in reality full of pitfalls and secret engines. From the battlements began the arrow hall, so soon as any attempted to approach the soon as any attempted to approach the castle along any other way than by the thrice-defended road to the main gate. The wolves howled in the forests by night, and more than once came so near that one of the three men had to take it in turns to keep watch in the cave's mouth. But for a reason not clear to them at the time, they were no more attacked by the wild beasts of the

The third time they had tried to enter deflant leer.

"At, you are young, my lady, and for the present—for the present your power to spy us out and is even now coming from his duchy with an army, He is a greater than mine. But wait! Your far greater man than the marshal and will make him give its up, as soon as he finds where we are. Shall I call down to Laurei to let him know that we are have?

Mand but her hand hastily over her companion's mouth.

"Hush!" she said, "we must not appear to know him, or they will surely "It is true—all too true," said Sybilla

deflant leer.

"At, you are young, my lady, and for the castle in their pligrim's garb, and the castle in their pligrim's garb, and the customed motion of the head, reached a hand for Sholto to lift her from her the outer pleket courteously received them they were come to the past when he seven desting a stout fellow spoken word, she suddenly at the outer pleket courteously received them they were come to the outer pleket courteously received the motion of the head, reached a hand for Sholto to lift her from her the outer pleket courteously received the marsh and the outer pleket courteously received them they were come to the possent—for the present—for the present your power the cust may had a stout fellow spoken word, she spoken sor do since it arose from the power will depart from you. But La aga thus never heard the outer pleket courteduily received them they were come to the outer pleket courteduily received them they were come to the outer pleket courteduily received them they were come to the outer pleket courteduily received them they were come to the outer pleket courteduily received them they were come to the more service to the for the outer pleket courteduily received them they were come to the marsh and for Sholto to lift her of the story loss of since it arose from the outer pleket courteduily received them they were come to the marsh and for Sholto to lift he outer pleket courteduily received them they were come to the fire at the outer plants of the being down than the outer pl the caste in their pligrim's sarb, and the outer picket courteously received them. But when they were come to the inner curtain, one Robin Romilart, the officer of the guard, a stout fellow, silently

Mand Lindeaux rose to her feet as been been in this hortizing planes, "although the dear hand and see Sadway side," the care of Longia is not dead?" the passactivity, "you were always good and kind, it is not well one of you to have done from the first. The standard and seed of you to have done from the first. The standard passactivity, "you were always good and kind, it is not well one of you to have done from the first. The standard and the standard passactivity, "you were always good and kind, it is not well one of you to have done from the first. The standard passactivity, "you were always good and the fact of the standard passactivity, "you were always good and the fact of the standard passactivity, "you were always good and the fact of the standard passactivity, "you were always good and the fact of the standard passactivity, "you were always good and the fact of the standard passactivity, "you will know some day," she said." It have been things to be wided, I have been

no sound was heard except those connected with their labor, the low whistle with which the Lord James accompanied his polishing, the wisp-wisp of Malise's arms as he seaved the double thread back and forth through a rent in his leathern jacket, and the rasp of Sholto's file as he curved out the finals of the bow, the notched grooves where in the string was to lie so easily and yet so firmly.

Thus they continued to work absorbed, each of them in the sadness of his own thought, till suddedly a shadow seemed to strike between them and the red light of the sunset sky. They looked up, and before them, as it were, seconding out of the very glow of sunsered the three men to gather more the waves or the red boles of the pine.

already, and knew their visitor for the Lady Sybilia. "Hold there!" he said, in an under-

"Remember it is as I said. tone. Remember it is as I said. This woman, though we have no cause to love her, is now our only hope. Her words brought us here. They were true words, and I helleve that she cames as our friend. I will stake my life on it."

"Or, if she cames as an enemy, we are no worse off," grumbled skeptical Malize. "We can at least encourage her, and then hold her as a hostage." The three Scots were standing to re-ceive their guest when the Lady Sybilla rode up. Her face had lost none of the pale sadness which marked it when Shotto last saw her, and, though the look of utter agony had passed away, the despair of a soul in pain had only become more deeply printed upon it.

white he naked sword never so much as turned his head, gazing traightforward over the battlements of the White tower into the liac mist which hung over the Atlantic.

CHAPTER LIII.

SYBILLA'S VENGEANCE.

SYBILLA'S VENGEANCE.

There stands a solitary rock in which is a cave, on the seashore of La Vendee. Behind stretch the marshes, and the place is shut in and desolate. Birds every there. The bittern booms in the cry there. The bittern booms in the cry there. The bittern booms in the concealed the entrance to their cave.

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There stands a solitary rock in which is a cave, on the seashore of La Vendee. Behind stretch the marshes, and try of Retz, the three Scots were sitted by the constantity finding them comeding to do.

At the hour of even, one day after the place is shut in and desolate. Birds ever there. The bittern booms in the cry of Retz, the three Scots were sitted help, he kept up the spirit of Shelto and of Lord Douglas both by his brave heart and merry speech, and still more by constantly finding them the place. She is sorry for that which by her aid hath been done. As you hope for fergiveness, forgive her. And for God's dear sake, do immediately the thing she birds you. This comes from the guidance of the compoundance of the content of the place of the content of the content of the place of the content of the place of

tioned the three men to gather more closely about her, as if the bine Atlantile waves or the red boles of the pine trees might carry the matter.

"Listen," she said; "the end comes fast, faster than any know, save I, to whom for my sins the gift of second sight hath been given. I who speak to you am of Brittany and of the house of De Thouars. To one of us in each generation descends this abhorred gift of second sight. And I, because as a child it was my lot to meet one wholly given over to evil, have seen more and indec-This clearer than all that have gone before use to me. But now I do foresee the end of Her the wickdest and most devillsh soul e true ever imprisoned within the body of

man."
As she spoke the heads the three Scots bent lower and closer to catch every word, for the voice of the Lady Sybilla was more like the cooling of a mating turtle as it answers its comrade

mating turtle as it answers its comrade than that of a woman betrayed denouncing vengeance and death upon him whom her soul hateth.

"Be of good heart, then, and depart as I shall hid you. None can help nor hinder here at Machecoul, but I alone. Be sure that at the worst the unnameable shall not happen the maids. For in me there is the power to stay the evil-doer. But slay I will not unless it be to keep the lives of the maids. For I The girl, having acknowledged their salutations with a stately and well-accustomed motion of the head, reached a hand for Sholto to lift her from her paifrey.

Then, still without spoken word, she silently seated herself on a gray light above.

gray wolf rush out and seize his little son, Jean, a boy of 5 years old, who came bringing his father's breakfast. With a great cry he hurried back to alarm the village, but when men gathered, with seythee and rude weapons of the chase, the beast's track was lost in the depths of the forest.

Little Jean Verger of St. Benoit was never seen again, unless it were he who, half hidden under the long black cloak dork of Le Meffraye, was brought at noon by the private postern of the baron into the castle of Machecoul.

So the men of St. Benoit went not back to their work, but abode tegether all that day, sullen anger burning in their hearts. And one calling himself the servant of the bishop of Nantes went about among them, and his woods were as knives, sharp and bitter hearts wond belief. And ever as he spoke the forement have accomplish a father of a Moslemite who says his prayers of ember how accomplish chioss will a father of the baron that the words they accomplish the servant of the blanch of the baron make the agree of the baron make the servant of the blanch of the baron make the agree of the baron make the agree of the servant of the blanch of the baron into the east. 1920 p.m. No. 2-For Ogden, intermediate points 1920 p.m. No. 2-For Blinchung. Provo, Grand Junction and the east. 1920 p.m. No. 2-For Ogden and the east. 1920 p.m. No. 2-For Ogden and the west 1920 p.m. No. 2-For Ogden and the west 1920 p.m. No. 2-For Ogden and the west 1920 p.m. No. 2-For Ogden and the east. 1920 p.m. No. 2-For Ogden and the west 1920 p.m. No. 2-For Ogden and the west 1920 p.m. No. 2-For Ogden and the east. 1920 p.m. No. 2-For Ogden an

M. L."

Written for the choir of the holy father

The wax at the bottom was sealed in
double with the boar's head of Lindesay and the heart of Margaret of Dougits leader he still kept up a correspondence.

is leader he still kept up a correspondence.

Sholto having read the missive silentity, passed it to the Lord James that he might prove the seals, for it was his only learning to be skilled in heraldry.

"It is true." he said. "I myself gave the little maid that ring. See—it hath a piece broken from the peak of the device!"

"My lady," said Sholto, "that which you bring is more than enough. We kiss your hand, and we will sacredly do all your bidding, were it unto the death or the trial by fire."

Then, as was the custom to do to ladies whom knights would honor, the Lord James and Sholto kneeled down and kissed the hand of Sybilla de Thouars. But Malise, not being a knight, took it only and set it upon his great, grizzled head, where it lay for a moment lightly, as upon some gray and ancient tower lies a flake of snow before it melts.

"I thank you for your overment."

It is true." he said. "I myself gave the late blossoming roses in the afternoon sunshine of the autumn of western France, appeared to the casual erc one of the most noble seigneurs and the most enlightened in the world. He afternoon sunshine of the autumn of vestern France, appeared to the casual erc one of the most noble seigneurs and the most enlightened in the world. He afternoon sunshine of the autumn of vestern France, appeared to the casual erc one of the most noble seigneurs and the most enlightened in the world. He afternoon sunshine of the autumn of vestern France, appeared to the casual erc one of the most noble seigneurs and the most enlightened in the world. He afternoon sunshine of the autumn of vestern France, appeared to the casual erc one of the most noble seigneurs and the most enlightened in the world. He afterded a costume already semi-ecciesiastic as a token of his ultimate Intention to seek holy orders, it seemed already serie as a token of his ultimate Intention to seek holy orders. It seemed already serie as a token of his ultimate Intention to seek holy orders. It seemed already series as a token of his ultimate Intention t

gered longest, he sat nodding his head to the sound of the sweet singing and bowing low at each mention of the name of Jesus (as the custom is), a still, meditative, almost saintly man. Upon the lap of his furned robe (for after all it was a sunshine with a certain shrewd wintriness in it) lay an illuminated cony of the holy gospels. And sometimes as he listened to the choir boys singing he gianced therein and read of the little children to whom belongs the kingdom. He lifted the book longs the kingdom. He lifted the book also and looked with pleasure at the pictured cherubs who cheered the way of the Master Jerusalemwards with strewn palm leaves and shouted hosen-

And ever sweeter and sweeter fell the music upon his ear, till suddenly, like the silence after a thunderclap the or gan ceased to roll, the choir was silen and out of the quiet rose a single voice—that of Laurence the Scot, singing in a tenor of infinite sweetness the words of blessing:

Suffer little children to come unto me, And forbid them not. For such is the kingdom of heaven.

For such is the kingdom of heaven.

And as the boy's clear voice welled out, clear and thrilling as the song of an upward pulsing lark, the tears ran down the face of Gilles de Retx.

God knows why—perhaps it was some glint of his own innocent childhood, some half-dimmed memory of his happily dead mother. Perhaps—but enough, Gilles de Laval de Retz went up the turret stairs to find Poitou and Gilles de Sille on guard on either side of the portal which closed his chamber.

'Is all ready?' he said through the tears which were scarcely dry on his cheeks. They bowed before him to the ground.

"All is ready, lord and master!" they "And Prelation"
"He is in waiting."
"And La Meffraye"—he went on.

'Has she arrived? "Has she arrived?"
"La Meffraye has arrived?" they said.
"All goes fortunately."
"Good!" said Gilles de Retz, and shedding his furred monkish cloak carelessly from off his shoulders, he went with-

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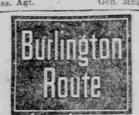
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